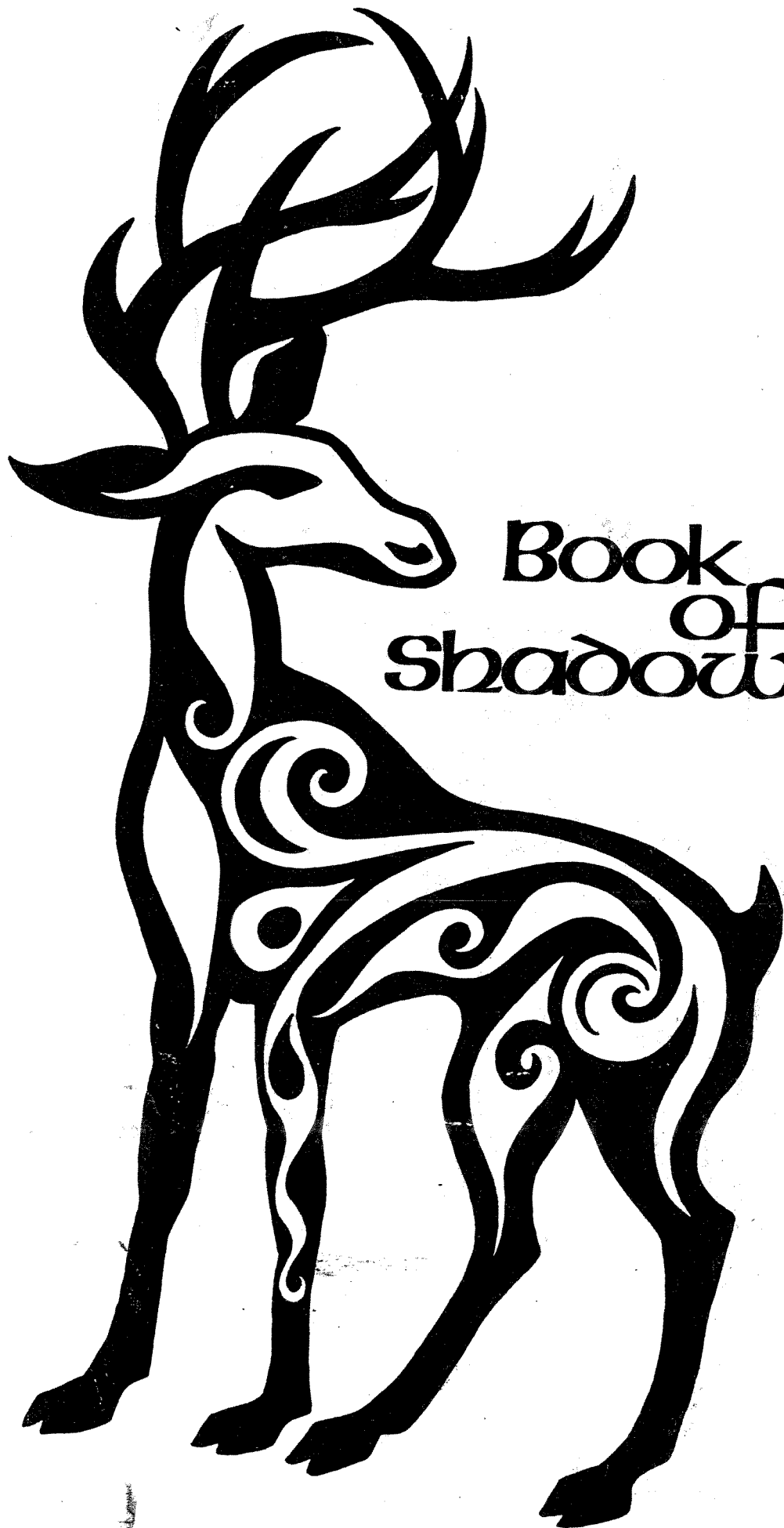
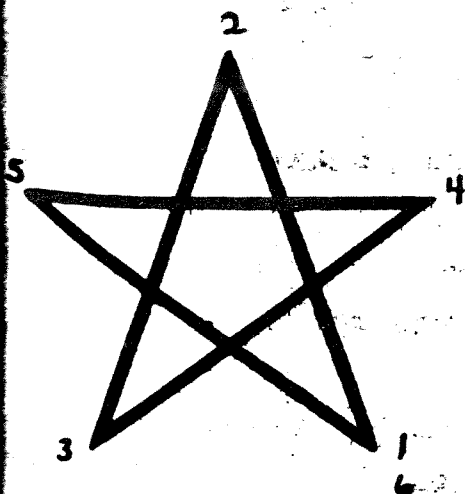
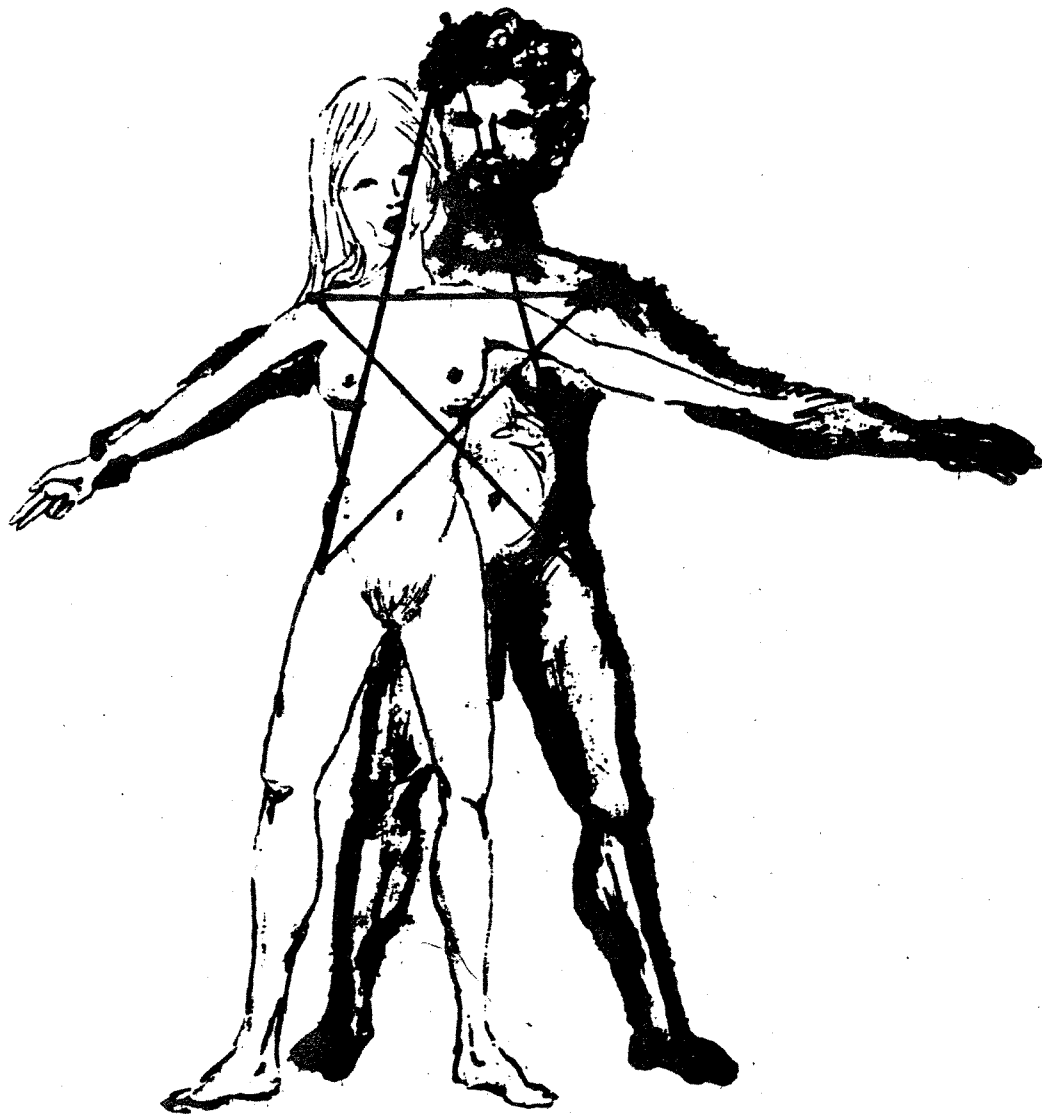


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Book
of
Shadows



1. From the birth
2. Through the passion
3. To the maturity
4. To the wisdom
5. Through death
6. I begin

Initiation

Priest and Priestess cast circle as usual. Guide leads blindfolded candidate to North East corner. Priestess cuts circle and places tip of sword at candidate's heart.

YOUR TIME HAS COME; THE SUN HAS SET; AND NIGHT IS UPON YOU.
DO YOU WISH TO BE INITIATED INTO THE CRAFT OF THE WISE?

Candidate replies. The initiator (Priest if candidate is female, Priestess if candidate is male) says:

IN AN INITIATION SUCH AS THIS, YOU MUST BE TESTED THAT YOU MAY PROVE YOURSELF BY TRIALS AND PURIFICATIONS. REMEMBER THAT THESE INITIATION TESTS ARE ALSO SYMBOLIC OF THE TRIALS OF LIFE AS AN INITIATED WITCH.

Initiator presses particle against candidate's sexual organs.

BY EARTH IS YOUR STILL AND SILENT BODY COVERED.
BY EARTH SHALL YOUR SOUL BE TESTED.

Initiator binds hands with white cords and sprinkles chest with salt and water in a feminine  triangle.

BY WATER SHALL ALL WHICH IS OLD AND USELESS BE DISSOLVED AND WASHED AWAY FOREVER. BY WATER, PURE AND MAGICAL, NEW LIFE ARISES ONCE MORE. BY WATER SHALL YOUR SOUL BE TESTED.

Initiator binds feet with blue cord. wave incense in front of candidate in a masculine triangle .

BY AIR YOUR SPIRIT GOES FORTH INTO REALMS STRANGE

AND DISTANT BY AIR SHALL YOUR SOUL BE TESTED.

Initiator ties candidate's upper arms with red cord if male, black cord if female, and presses athame between candidate's eyes.

BY FIRE, RED AND FLAMING, AND NOT OF THIS WORLD, SHALL ALL DROSS BE BURNED FROM YOU. BY FIRE SHALL YOUR SOUL BE TESTED.

Initiator ties gold cord around neck of candidate.

YOUR LIMBS ARE USELESS, YOUR SIGHT IS BLIND, YOU ARE NAKED AND HELPLESS BEFORE THE GODS AND MORTALS. IN THIS HELPLESS STATE, DO YOU STILL WISH TO BECOME AN INITIATE OF THE CRAFT OF THE WISE?

Candidate responds. Initiator says:

A WITCH IS BORN, NOT MADE; BUT IF ONE IS TO BE MADE A WITCH, THEN TEARS ARE SPILT BEFORE THE MOON CAN BE DRAWN. THE GODDESS ENSNARES THE SOULS OF HER LOVERS WITH A DEVOTION VERY FEW MORTALS ARE ABLE TO COMMAND. IN HER LOVE THERE IS DEATH, AND SHE RENDS HER PRIESTS AND PRIESTESSES APART BEFORE FINALLY MAKING THEM ALL WISE. BY HER SPIRIT SHALL YOUR SOUL BE TESTED.

Candidate is scourged gently and placed in fetal position.

YOU WILL DIE MANY TIMES TO BE REBORN IN THE FAITH, AND EACH LITTLE DEATH IS THE RESURRECTION OF NEW HOPE AND SPIRIT. FOR THE LAW OF THE GODDESS IS THAT WE OVERCOME ALL TRIALS TO GAIN SPIRITUAL STRENGTH UNTIL THE WHEEL OF REBIRTH IS FINALLY BROKEN.

Ring bell thirteen times.

NOW IN YOUR MIND'S EYE, AVISON COMES FORTH. YOUR SOUL HAS PASSED THE TESTS OF THE ELEMENTS AND WAITS IN THE COLD DARKNESS OF A GREAT, ANCIENT, AND ECHOING HALL. YOU ARISE IN THE HALL AND, AS YOUR DAZED SPIRIT DESCENDS FROM DAYLIGHT INTO DARKNESS, REMEMBER WHAT YOU HAVE SUFFERED HERE IN TIMES PAST. IN TIMES PAST.

(Pause) YOU PASS NOW BETWEEN THE WORLDS WHILE THE MISTS OF TIME BLOW PAST YOU AND THE HALLS OF JUDGEMENT LOOM MIGHTILY BEFORE YOU. (Pause) TO YOUR LEFT HAND THERE BUBBLES A BLACK SPRING OVERSHADOWED WITH A GREAT WHITE CYPRESS. AVOID THIS SPRING, FOR THE BLACK WATERS OF FORGETFULNESS CAN ONLY BIND YOU. (Pause) TO YOUR RIGHT HAND LIES A SECRET POOL ALIVE WITH SPECKLED TROUT AND FISH OF GOLD; A SACRED NUT TREE OVERSHADOWS IT; THE PRIMEVAL SERPENT OF WISDOM STRUGGLES IN THE BRANCHES, DARTING OUT ITS TONGUE. (Pause) THIS HOLY POOL IS FED BY DRIPPING WATER; GUARDIANS STAND BEFORE IT. (Pause) YOU GO TO THE RIGHT, TO THE POOL OF MEMORY AND OF WISDOM. (Pause) NOW THE GUARDIANS SCRUTINIZE YOU, SAYING "WHO ARE YOU, WHO?" "WHAT HAVE YOU TO REMEMBER? DO YOU NOT FEAR THE FLICKERING TONGUE OF THE SERPENT? GO RATHER TO THE SPRING BENEATH THE CYPRESS, FLEE FROM THIS POOL!"

Candidate repeats after Initiator:

I AM PARCHED WITH THIRST. GIVE ME TO DRINK.
I AM A CHILD OF EARTH, AND OF SKY ALSO, AND
OF THE CRAFT. I AM ALSO YOUR THRICE-BLESSED
KIN, A CHILD OF THE THREEFOLD GODDESS. RE-
MEMBER ME, FOR I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE. GIVE
ME TO DRINK.

Initiator Says:

NOW THE GUARDIANS WELCOME YOU WITH FRUIT AND
FLOWERS AND LEAD YOU TOWARD THE ANCIENT DRIPPING
NUT TREE, CRYING: "YOU OF OUR IMMORTAL BLOOD, DRINK
AND REMEMBER THE GLORIOUS GODDESS."

Candidate is placed in a kneeling position, and given a
drink from the cup. The blindfold is removed and a nut
placed before the candidate. Initiator says:

EAT NOW OF THE FRUIT OF WISDOM. (pause) THOUGH YOU
MAY SEE THE WISDOM, YOU MAY NOT PARTAKE OF IT IN
YOUR OLD AND BOUND STATE, FOR VISION IS NOTHING
WITHOUT ACTION. COME NOW TO THE ANCIENT REALMS
OF THE MIGHTY ONES. BEHOLD: BEFORE YOU IS A
CASTLE SURROUNDED BY FIRE. THE RULER IS LUCET,
THE DIVINE CHILD, KING OF LIGHT, FIRE, LOVE AND
INTELLECT. THE POWER OF THE CASTLE OF THE EAST
IS BRIDE, GODDESS OF INITIATION, BIRTH, INSPIRATION,
AND POETIC VISION. THEIR TOOL IS THE WAND, AND WITH
IT YOU MAY CALL THEM FORTH AND ASK FOR THEIR BLESSING.

White cord is removed.

BEHOLD: BEFORE YOU IS A CASTLE BUILT UPON THE
EARTH SURROUNDED BY TREES. THE RULER IS CERNUNOS,

LORD OF ANIMALS, OF JOY AND PASSION, THE WILD HUNTER.
THE POWER OF THE CASTLE OF THE SOUTH IS NIAMH,
THE GREAT MOTHER, GODDESS OF FERTILITY AND THE
FRUITS OF THE EARTH. THEIR TOOL IS THE PENTICLE,
AND WITH IT YOU MAY CALL THEM FORTH AND ASK
THEM FOR THEIR BLESSING.

Black cord is removed for females, red for males.

BEHOLD! BEFORE YOU IS A CASTLE

BENEATH THE DEPTHS OF
THE SEA. THE RULER IS NODENS, GOD OF REST, SLEEP,
AND SPIRITUAL GROWTH, THE GOD OF THE SEA. THE POWER
OF THE CASTLE OF THE WEST IS CERRIDWEN, THE QUEEN
OF THE WATERS, THE MATURE CRONE OF WISDOM AND
KEEPER OF THE CAULDRON OF REBIRTH. THEIR TOOL IS
THE CUP, AND WITH IT YOU MAY CALL THEM UP AND ASK
THEM FOR THEIR BLESSING.

White cord is removed.

BEHOLD! BEFORE YOU IS THE CASTLE OF WEeping
BUILT IN THE CLOUDS. THE RULER IS TANTETES, THE
WANING SON, LORD OF MYSTICISM, MAGIC, POWER AND
DEATH, GOD OF WAR, AND JUSTICE. THE POWER OF THE
CASTLE OF THE NORTH IS MORRIGAN, GODDESS OF DEATH
AND OF KARMA, WHO BRINGS MAGICAL VISION, THE LADY OF
SORCERY. THEIR TOOL IS THE KNIFE, AND WITH IT YOU MAY
CALL THEM FORTH AND ASK THEM FOR THEIR BLESSING.

Black cord is removed.

WITH THE TOOLS OF THE GODS AND GODDESSES, EAT OF
THE FRUITS OF WISDOM.

Candidate opens the nut and eats the contents.

iator Says:

BLESSED BE YOUR FEET THAT WALK UPON THE FACE
OF THE MOTHER. (Kisses feet.)

BLESSED BE YOUR KNEES THAT WITHOUT SHAME YOU MAY
KNEEL BEFORE THE GOD AND GODDESS. (Kisses knees).

BLESSED BE YOUR SEXUAL ORGANS, FOR IN THIS CENTER
CERNUNOS AND NIAHM DWELL IN JOY AND FERTILITY. (Kisses ^{genitals})

BLESSED BE YOUR BREASTS, FOR IN THIS CENTER NODENS
AND CERRIDWEN DWELL IN REST, SLEEP, AND
SPIRITUAL GROWTH. (Kisses breasts).

BLESSED BE YOUR MOUTH, FOR WITHIN YOUR THROAT TANTETES
AND MORRIGAN DWELL IN MYSTICISM,
MAGIC, POWER AND DEATH. (Kisses lips).

BLESSED BE YOUR SPIRITUAL EYE, FOR IN THIS CENTER
LUCET AND BRIDE DWELL IN BIRTH, LIGHT,
FIRE, AND INTELLECT. (Kisses forehead)

WELCOME SISTER / BROTHER.

Circle casting

Simple circle

Draw circle - begin at the northern quarter.

Salute the four quarters.

Call down the God and Goddess into the circle.

Consecrate the salt and water.

Purify members of the circle: Priest purifies the women.
Priestess purifies the men.

Continue with ritual, exercise or Sabbat.

Wine and cakes (optional)

Dismiss the God and Goddess.

Dismiss the four quarters.

Put circle at the four cardinal points.

extended circle

Priestess stands at the eastern quarter. Lifts sword in Salute.

IN THE NAME OF GODA AND TUBAL CAIN, THE LORD AND
LADY OF ALL ELEMENTS, I CONSECRATE THIS CIRCLE IN SER-
VICE TO THE IMMORTAL GODS.

Priestess begins to inscribe the circle at the East.

BY FIRE, WHICH IS HER BURNING SOUL.

Priestess pauses at the South.

BY EARTH, WHICH IS THE BODY OF OUR MOTHER.

Priestess pauses at the West.

BY WATER, WHICH IS HER PULSING BLOOD.

Priestess pauses at the North.

BY AIR, WHICH IS HER LIVING BREATH.

Priestess pauses, then returns to the east.

THE CIRCLE IS CAST.

Begin at the East. Invoke the God and Goddess of fire. Take
a candle around the circle.

Continue to the South. Invoke the God and Goddess of
earth. Sprinkle salt around the circle.

Continue to the West. Invoke God and Goddess of the water.
Sprinkle water around the circle.

Continue to the North. Invoke God and Goddess of air.
Take censor around the circle.

Together, the Priest and Priestess call down the God, Tubal
Cain and the Goddess, Goda.

Priestess consecrates the Salt and water.

Each member of the circle is purified: Priest purifies women
Priestess purifies men.

Preliminary meditation and inducement of magical trance
State.

The Ritual working: eg. a Goddess or God contact, a
visualization exercise or an Astral journey.

Relaxation and discussion.

Dismiss and bid farewell to the God and Goddess of
each quarter.

Together, the Priest and Priestess bid farewell to Tubal
Cain and Goda.

Break circle at each quarter.

Priestess declares the rite to be ended.

Ritual methods

Goddess contact

The Priestess should begin by making herself comfortable, preferably in a seated position, facing the altar. She should relax and concentrate on a candle flame or other focal point, putting herself in a light trance state. Then, either aloud or to herself, she should open herself up psychically, and let the Goddess flow into her as wine flows into an empty chalice. Trying to keep her mind as blank as possible, the Priestess should be able to feel the Goddess within her, and perhaps even see her and hear her words.

The Priest either stands or sits behind the Priestess. After a brief meditative pause, he should begin his invocation, calling to the Goddess and beseeching Her to come down into the body of the Priestess and speak to her people. The members of the circle should chant the name of the Goddess softly while the Priest calls Her into their midst.

When the Goddess arrives, the Priest should greet Her and ask Her for any specific message. Then the members can ask Her questions.

When it is time for Her to go, the Priest should thank Her for Her presence and bid Her farewell. She will usually leave of Her own accord. If she does not, then the Priest must gently dismiss Her. The Priest should make sure that the Goddess is completely gone before rousing the Priestess.

healing ritual

Brigid is the Irish Goddess of healing, poetry and Smithcraft. She is invoked here to aid in a healing ritual. The altar is set up very simply, bearing flowers, candles and other symbols pertaining to the Goddess: eg. poems, pen and ink, hammer and anvil and gold, silver or ironwork. Also, in the middle of the altar is laid photographs or other artifacts such as hair or nail parings, or merely the written name of the person to be healed.

The members of the circle sit around the altar and meditate or assume a light magical trance state. When all are ready, the Priest or Priestess should stand or kneel with hands upraised in invocation.

Priest or Priestess chants:

BRIGID, ALL MOTHER, DARLING OF THE WORLD, PROTECTOR OF
MAIDENS IN LOVE, OF CHILDREN, AND THE RITES OF NEWLYWEDS.
STAY BESIDE US AND GRANT US THY FAVOR.

With arms stretched out towards the altar, the members should chant Her name to bring Her down into the circle. They should visualize the Goddess holding Her healing hands over the artifacts on the altar as they channel energy through their fingers or athames.

Then the members should release the energy to do its work, and raise their hands in farewell. The Priest or Priestess then thanks the Goddess and bids her safely gone.

Visualization

Lucet - Lord of the East

Cast extended circle as usual. Set up the altar simply with one large candle in the center. Members sit quietly around the altar and assume trance state. Concentrate on the candle flame for several minutes.

Priestess assumes Osiris position and invokes Lucet, using his symbols and attributes:

BEHOLD! BEFORE YOU IS A CASTLE SURROUNDED BY FIRE. THE RULER IS LUCET, THE KING OF LIGHT, FIRE, LOVE AND INTELLECT, OF BIRTH AND OF JOY, THE DIVINE CHILD, THE FIRST TWIN WHO IS SON AND LOVER TO THE SUPREME GODDESS. HE COMES FORTH BRIGHT AND GOLDEN, MOVING QUICKLY THROUGH THE LIGHT ON WINGS OF FIRE, APPEARING THEIVING AND MISCHIEVOUS.

Members chant the name Lucet, softly at first, then more loudly as the vision takes form until visualization is complete. The members should try to see the god Lucet manifest in the candle flame, and meditate for a few minutes to commune with the god perhaps to obtain a message or an answer to a question.

When the vision begins to fade, members relax and describe what they saw and, if desired, any insights they may have received. When the vision is completely gone, the Priestess bids farewell to Lucet and thanks him for his presence. The circle is closed and the rite is ended.

NIAMH - Lady of the South

Cast extended circle as usual. Have on the altar a crystal or leaded glass ball set in a bowl of earth with green leaves and possibly small fruit arranged around it. As before, members assume trance state and concentrate on the crystal ball.

Priestess assumes Goddess position and invokes Niamh, using her Symbols and attributes.

BEHOLD! IN THE SOUTHEAST, NIAMH, THE GODDESS OF THE EARTH AND PASSION. SHE INSPIRES VISIONS OF MEMORY, IN WHICH THE DEVOTEE NOT ONLY REMEMBERS PAST EXISTENCE, BUT AT TIMES, A PAST PERFECTION. HER TREE IS THE ASH, HER FESTIVAL, BELTANE.

As before, members chant the name Niamh softly then loudly until She appears in the crystal ball. Members commune with her until the vision fades, then discuss the vision.

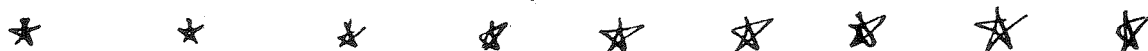
When the Goddess is finally gone, the Priestess bids her farewell and thanks her for her presence. She closes the circle and declares the rite to be ended.

AURA BUILDING EXERCISE

condensed from
Joanna B. Wilson ©1977

The purpose of this exercise is to charge both the body and the aura with chosen colors which trigger the formation of certain attributes within us, to attract positive influences, to aid in visualization and to aid in the elimination of any illnesses or other impediments to magical growth.

For healing of another, place a link to the person that you wish to aid in front of you after the aura charging has been completed. Use that aid to help you to send all the powers that you have generated to the person to be healed. After this has been done, regenerate your aura so that you are not robbed of the beneficent powers that you yourself need. You may also build the aura layer by layer upon the person that you wish to help.



Cast circle in the usual way. Place a lighted candle on the altar and concentrate on it for a few minutes. Impress the image of the flame upon your memory by slowly closing and opening your eyes. Continue until you can see the flame with your eyes closed.

Mentally pull in energy of the same kind that comes from the flame from the area around you. Slowly pull the light inwards until your entire area is covered with brilliant flaming light. Slowly pull that light up into your body. Then pull the bright light up to a spot above your head. When that is completed, pull the flaming power up from the circle until you are completely enveloped in a solid cone of the flaming brilliant energy light. You may wish to chant "aum" during the power-building portion of this exercise.

As the leader of the exercise reads aloud the powers by each color, visualize that color intensely filling your body and aura. Constantly check and re-check to be sure the color visualized is clear and pure of any muddiness. If it is not, correct it. If you constantly have trouble either with visualization or keeping a certain color pure, this may indicate that you need to work on the designated attribute more than the others. Remember that a muddy color is indicative of an illness or negative thinking.

As the colors are read, visualize each color thusly:

FROM INSIDE OF MY HEART COMES A BRILLIANT BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT, COMPLETELY FILLING MY HEART. NOW, WITHIN TWENTY BEATS OF MY HEART THE BEAUTIFUL WHITE LIGHT COURES THROUGH MY HEART AND MY BODY, DRIVING OUT DISEASES, SINS, AND ALL OBSCURATIONS AND IMPEDIMENTS TO LIFE. (See the light traveling through your arteries, veins, and finally the smallest capillaries.) NOW THE BRILLIANT BRIGHT LIGHT HAS FILLED EVERY PARTICLE AND PORE OF MY BODY. I AM COMPLETELY FILLED WITH WHITE LIGHT. (hold for five heart beats.)

NOW THE BRILLIANT BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT IS SEEPING THROUGH MY PORES. WITHIN TWENTY HEART BEATS IT IS COMPLETELY FILLING THE SPACE AROUND MY BODY, PROTECTING ME. (Hold for five heart beats.)

Each successive layer that is added to the body, visualize:

FILLING THE SPACE AROUND MY BODY, PROTECTING ME AND COVERING THE BLUE, RED, YELLOW (etc.) LIGHTS SURROUND MY BODY.

When all of the colors have been laid down around your body - they must be compacted for maximum protection and retention.

When the leader instructs, do thusly:

NOW MY BODY IS SURROUNDED BY VERMILLION, GREEN, BLUE, RED, YELLOW AND WHITE LIGHT. NOW THEY ARE COMPACTING, LAYER BY LAYER, INTO A VERY HARD SHELL OF ENERGY AROUND MY BODY.

Then add the infinite light of protection. This is the very bright light of the gods that you may have heard about. Because this light is so bright that we can only with difficulty look at it, you may have trouble visualizing it. Here is my method: Visualize a clear, bright fluorescent light. Gradually, without mentally squinting, change this light into that which is seen when we glance at the Sun. Add to the Sun the brilliant light given off by newly polished silver. Add to that the light off gold.

The ritual is now ended. Close circle.

The colors and associations in order are as follows:

WHITE LIGHT - drives out diseases, sins, and all obscurations and impediments to life.

YELLOW LIGHT - Increases wisdom, the life force and positive traits.

RED LIGHT - Power to control the magical world.

BLUE LIGHT - Giving me the power to protect myself and to destroy what must be destroyed.

GREEN LIGHT - Giving me power to accomplish everything.

VERMILLION LIGHT - Making me firm in my magical abilities, functions and attainments.

Compact into one band of energy.

BRIGHT LIGHT OF THE GODS - protecting me from everything.

trance state inducement

The inducement of a trance state in a group is accomplished by a simple technique of autohypnosis in which every member of the group, at the direction of the leader, consciously relaxes every part of his or her body until a light state of hypnotic trance is achieved.

Each member in the group sits in a comfortable position, and takes a deep breath, letting all the tension and impurities flow out with the exhaled air. The leader will give the suggestion to relax and will guide the visualization assuming a soft sing-song and monotonous tone.

WE ARE NOW ENTERING INTO A MAGICAL STATE. WE ARE RELAXING, FEELING ALL OF OUR MUSCLES BECOMING MORE AND MORE LOOSE, MORE AND MORE CALM, MORE AND MORE HEAVY AND MORE AND MORE RELAXED.

OUR RIGHT FEET ARE RELAXED, EVERY MUSCLE, EVERY NERVE LOOSENING UP AND BECOMING RELAXED AND CALM, RELAXED AND CALM AND VERY VERY HEAVY.

Each member should visualize his or her right foot, imagining it becoming relaxed and heavy, and actually feeling it becoming loose and calm. Repeat the process, feeling the relaxation spread up the ANKLES, CALVES, KNEES, THIGHS, HIPS, WAIST, CHEST, SHOULDERS, UPPER ARMS, ELBOWS, FOREARMS, HANDS, FINGERS, NECK, JAWS, CHEEKS, TEMPLES AND SCALP. Until the entire body is relaxed, loose and very very heavy.

When the work is over the trance state will usually fade when the circle is broken. If it does not, at the leader's discretion, he or she can suggest:

THE WORK IS OVER, THE RITE IS FINISHED. NOW WE WANT TO

WAKE UP. I SHALL COUNT FROM ONE TO FIVE. WITH EVERY
NUMBER WE WILL BE MORE AND MORE AWAKE

ONE - WE ARE BEGINNING TO WAKE UP.

TWO - WE FEEL THE PULSE OF LIFE BEGINNING TO FLOW BACK INTO
OUR BODIES

THREE - MORE AND MORE AWAKE

FOUR - ALMOST AWAKE AND FEELING FINE.

FIVE - AWAKE, ALERT AND FEELING WONDERFUL.

Repeat the suggestion that everyone is awake and alert
until each member is fully awake and back in his or her body.
Do not break the circle until every member reports to be fully
awake.

astral journeys

the four winds by Tom Morgan 1977

The Wind in the trees talketh to thee,
And tells thee the secrets of life.
It's whisper be soft and too hard to hear
For those who lives muckly with strife.
Hark to the wind and listen with care
For it blows down the hallway of time.
There be much that it knoweth and much doth it tell
As it blows twist the oak and the Pine.
Thine ears must be Sharp to heareth the words,
And to know the meaning of them.
Listen with care, if ye wouldst hear,
The tales that be told by the wind.

The North Wind it tells of the winter of life,
The time for resting, Sleeping, and thought.
It howls in the woods and whispers of death,
And of battles long ago fought.
It roams the forests and steppes with the wolf,
And flies with the Raven by day.
And calls to the lonely, the weary, and cold
To the dying it shows death the way.
Come, ye now, forth and onward now go
To the land of frost, ice and snow,
With shimmering curtains far over head
And hear the northern wind blow.
Far in the northland where ice never leaves
Is where the North Wind be born.
Thy eyes be half shut to keep out the sting
As thy ears ring to the sound of a horn.
It is colder than cold here on the ice
While crystals fall from the sky.

The South wind tells of the Summer of life,
The time for building, learning and growth.
It calls 'cross the fields and whispers of birth
Of all the things that mothers want most
It comes from the desert, the home of the heat
And flies to the valleys with Sparrows' songs,
And calls to the homely, the loving and wise
And giveth new strength to those who be strong.
Come ye now forth and onward now go,
To the land that burns under the sun;
Where thirst and longing swell up thy mouth,
Where cooking be easily done.
Far to the South go with thy mind;
Farther than ever you've gone.
Down to the place far over the hills,
To stones that once gold dwelt on.
The birth of the South wind takes place right here;
Warmth and love doth it send.
Listen and follow the path ye do want
While riding out with this wind.

Come ye now home and rest thyself now,
For we've much yet farther to go.
Once more shall we venture out on the wind.
Relax and move with its flow.

The West wind it tells of the autumn of life,
The time for the teaching, harvest and feast.
It calls from the sea and whispers of age
That which comes to the greatest and least.
It comes from the sea in frightening gusts
And flies with the thunder, lightning and storm,
And calls to the middle-aged husband and wife
To set free lives that from them were born.

The Stars and aurora dance overhead
While with the north wind ye fly.

Come ye now home and rest thyself now,
For we've much yet farther to go.
Thrice more shall we venture out on the wind.
Relax and move with its flow.

The EAST WIND it tells of the springtime of life,
The time for planting and love.
It sings in the trees and whispers of youth,
And of names of the Stars up above.
It crosses the mountains with the morning star,
And flies with the birds and insects of Spring,
And calls to the lovers both young and old.
To the living it gives wisdom's wings.
Come ye now forth and onward now go,
To the land where rises the Sun.
With fingers of gold stretched cross the sky,
Eastward let thy mind run.
Far to the East there be a bright place
With banners many and to see,
Where all things be taught to any who ask.
Ask for thyself and you'll see.
The birth of the East wind occurs in this land,
Gentle and wise doth it be.
Lift thyself up and fly with this wind,
And let thy mind shall seem to be free.

Come ye now home and rest thyself now,
For we've much yet farther to go.
Twice more shall we venture out on the wind.
Relax and move with its flow.

Come ye now forth and onward now go
To the land above ocean waves.
Where rises the moisture that forms the white clouds,
Where Thunderbird first took and gave.
Far to the west out over the sea
Fly to the land of the storm.
Listen and learn the ways of the rain
Where thunder and lightening do form.
The birth of the west wind ye now for thyself see,
And also the birth of the waves.
Fly with this wind that bringeth the rain
That all of the plants and things crave.

Come ye now home and rest thyself now,
We've nowhere farther to go.
Now that we've ventured forth on each wind
Return ye now fast or slow.

noon mysteries

condensed from New Dimensions

THE BY-ROAD TO THE CAVE IN THE MOUNTAIN

Red Book

Along the border of a wide, green and fertile plain lies a range of high hills with many steep jungle-covered spurs that are separated by deep ravines which run far up into a mountainous country that lies to the North. Picture range after range rising between you and the perpetual snows that glisten and sparkle upon the far distant northern horizon. Vivid green are the lower slopes that come down into this rich and well-watered plain. Brown and russet are the bare crags. Blue is the sky that overhangs the peaks, their ridges, and the rivers to which they give rise. Bright are the colors of this hidden land that abuts on silver and purple Yesod.

Across this plain and up the widest of these blue-misted valleys runs a broad road built carefully to a very gentle gradient. The eye cannot see whence it comes or whither it goes. The road itself is crowded with a long serpent-like column that slowly moves northward towards those distant snows. This column is composed of men, women and children. It is humanity in the process of evolution seeking experience, usually, as the Buddha taught, through self-inflicted suffering. The Great Mother has children other than humans. And winding up other valleys that lie to the right and the left of that up which climbs humanity are yet other roads. These too are broad and gentle of slope. Up them, in a manner similar to humanity, coil "your brethren of the other evolutions". They are hidden from sight by steep jungle-clad ridges and humanity as a whole knows nothing of them.

Now picture yourself as moving upon the road, a unit of that column of humanity. Imagine clearly what you can see and feel. Next try to catch hold of the thoughts that would fill your mind as suddenly and upon an impulse you step out of the caravan on to the grassy edge and watch it roll slowly past you. You are now a spectator but they are busy living each their own life in that column. It may come as a shock to you to notice that you are now outside the herd. You are alone, and it is said that the lone wolf away from the pack, as a rule, perishes quickly.

Is that to be your fate? That sudden impulse which made you, at a certain spot, step out from the main column is the stirring of old memories. And it is well to pause and realign this stage with the utmost thoroughness for it is here that the soul takes up once again THE PATH. It is here that one surmises that for each one of us life holds a special type of experience, something has to be done but no one else can do it for one. It is here that people begin to look askance at the one who watches the herd from outside the line of its march. Then there are the guardians of the caravan, to whom the caravan pays reverence, calling them its priests. These guardians look at you un-
lasily. The unwise guardian seeks to head you back into the column, the wise guardian watches to see that you do not seduce others who are in his charge.

Loneliness and boredom are always the primary experiences of the path, and it is well to be prepared for them. As you gaze about you wondering why you obeyed that sudden impulse, you see a narrow path leading up the hillside. There is a notice at its entrance - "No road. Trespassers will be persecuted." This path is

forbidden, and immediately a dark-clad guardian warns you that travel by this road means madness, disgrace, perdition, hell for ever and ever.

If free from these superstitions, then press boldly up the path until a plateau forming a halting place that overlooks the main road is reached. This plateau, the first stage leading to the path, is occupied by a wrangling crowd that disputes vigorously, and its members are as dogmatic and fanatical over their particular doctrines as the guardians of the highway.

There is a steep track leading up the hill from this plateau and it is closed by a gate. Its Guardian asks you what you know. He does not want your beliefs. Until you distinguish between belief and knowledge you may not pass him.

You will also be asked your motive for seeking this particular by-path. And the only answer that will open the gate is:

"I desire to know in order to serve."

Any other motive is considered to be impure for only the pure in heart can, with safety, invoke the powers of the Bona Dea, who was and still is the Celtic Goddess Anu or Annis, and Dana, Isis of many names.

Having passed the first gate a long and steep climb leads to another plateau, which appears to be empty, except for a small bench which is just long enough to seat two. Sitting on this bench one can see the column far below; its advance guard is beyond view and its rear guard is not within view.

"All will reach their destination in time," says a voice. And then a stranger draws attention to a notice-board marked with an arrow that points straight up the mountain and bearing the inscription "To the cave on The Mountain."

If questioned the Stranger will say that in this cave is to be found Wisdom: The Wisdom of the Cave in the Mountain. He will also explain that this path is called the path of death in life. In any case he will point out that this hill cannot be climbed alone; the Wisdom of the Cave in the Mountains is not for anyone who is a Solitary: "for that which is Solitary is barren".

So back to the high-road you must go until you have found what is in truth your better half, for Anima and Animus must be mated, so that the one becomes the two and the two are four.

II AT THE FORD OF THE MOON

you leave the Second plateau above the High-way by a path that runs through a steep cleft in the hills and up on a spar covered with rocks and dark juniper and small green thorn trees. There, taking breath, you look about you.

In front, but some little distance away, is open country, a wild broken heath-land basking in a sunset glow of green and gold. Its shallow valleys are filled with a light mist of turquoise blue. Its heather-covered slope gradually upwards to the crescent-shaped ridge of Drum-na-Rea, the Ridge of the Moon.

Behind you no portion of the broad High-road is to be seen, no sound of the tramping of weary feet upon its hard surface breaks the fairy-like silence of this green, grassy by-way. A new land has been entered.

Below you is a shallow valley filled with green beech and oak woods that are slightly veiled in a faintly violet mist. The path turns down suddenly and steeply into this valley which it apparently crosses, for the narrow ribbon of the green byway can be seen winding up the heath towards the center of the ridge of Drum-na-Rea.

After a pause you leave the spur and turn down the path that enters the wood. Once within that warm moist atmosphere it feels as if you had gone into another dimension of soft, green, translucent spaces; spaces that are very still and windless, yet they seem to reflect something that is vividly alive. You get the impression of looking into the green and pale blue depths of a woodland pond that is reflecting the sky and the aliveness of the green leaves above its surface. This is the fairy greenwood that surrounds An-na-Rea, the Ford of the Moon. It is lit by an inner light of brilliant fairy gold and green in which phantom-like forms appear only to disappear once attention is consciously directed upon them. Nothing is heard, nothing is seen, but it feels as if many unseen Presences, hoping for recognition, are waiting just behind this veil of green stillness to greet you.

In spite of the utter absence of any visible form of movement, the wood appears to be pulsing with life. The trees are motionless in the early evening stillness, yet the tree folk children of Dana, the Great Mother are holding their evening revel. You are never quite sure, until it vanishes when you stare hard, whether a tree is really a so-called inanimate object of wood and soft green leaves, or a vast, various, brightly colored living elemental with an almost human-like form that seems to slip in and out of the imprisoning bark.

Laughing Dryads, if not watched too closely, seem to peep and peer with the curiosity and shyness of wild things from behind the thick boles of beech and oak; the ferns and bracken are alive with the smaller fairy folk all waiting for their playtime. Fauns with tiny knob-like horns people these green spaces that seem to close in upon you as if a wall of transparent, tenuous, very still water was preparing

slowly and gently to pour through this wood which is now fairy wood that is colored with the greenish starlight of Netzach, the Sphere of the Elemental Gods who are the shining ones that wear emerald green robes.

The note of this wood is that of friendliness, for all its dimly seen inhabitants are glad that you have come away from the hard glare of the great white highway into the softly shining greenness of the Celtic Twilight. All around are the children of other evolutions ready to greet you as their kindred. For have not they also for their divine parent the Great Mother, the green Isis, ruler of the still, transparent shadowy world and all that dwell therein?

On the short sward some little distance away stands Caoilte, a royal figure with hair burning as if touched by a last golden ray of sunlight. He is clad in green and gold with a spear in his hand and a rounded shield slung on his left arm. As Lord of the Fairy wood he gives greeting, and then turns to the West. He passed down the wood, saluted by all, for is he not the Prince of the Sidhe? He halts in a wide, open glade through which a deep stream glides silently and without ripple. In the brown of this clear bog-water is reflected the still-lit evening sky as well as the great golden harvest moon. For this is the season when the moonlight and twilight strive for mastery, the fairy time when "The Host is rushing 'twixt night and day."

This glade is called An-na-Rea, the Ford of the Moon. Caoilte points with his spear into the dark shining depths and bids you look therein. With your thoughts bent on climbing the distant hill whereon is the temple of the Goddess three-ayed you see but a long dark ridge mirrored in the still water, and the shimmering silver-shining rays of the round golden-silvery moon that is her symbol.

"Look not behind you," says Caoilte, "But cross the moon-

bridge if you can."

A white moon-mist gathers upon the water; it swirls up into an arch and forms the moon-bridge over An-na-Rea. Alone, you make the crossing and the Western bank is reached.

III AT THE PILLARS OF AURD-NA-REA: THE HIGH PLACE OF THE MOON

In the place of Caoilte in a faint haze of golden light stands a smiling woman of the Sidhe holding a branch of silver-like blossoms. Seeing your perplexity at this sudden change of guide, she laughs and says, "I am old, very old as you count years, and yet I am ever-young, for I have made not for myself a coat of skin, and now that you have passed safely over An-na-Rea by the bridge of the Moon I will take you the long green way over the wide spaces to Aurd-na-Rea. There between the pillars of the Whispered Truth you may learn of the Great Mother; for it is she whom we also serve who are of the Dedannas, the children of Dana. But first look once again in this deep brown pool of An-na-Rea and tell me what you see."

You gaze into the still dark water that now, seen from the West, reflects the trees of the fairy wood and the steep dark mountain beyond it. A faint mist rises and then clears, and in the pool is a seemingly dreamed land. A land of high towers, lofty trees, and bright colors where dwell a people ever young, ever happy, ever advancing in a wisdom that is not the result of human experience and suffering. This is the land that some call the Summer land of the Astral plane.

The vision vanishes and the woman of the Aes-Shee moves up the green way through the heather, purple with its summer blossom and smelling like new honey, past golden furze bushes bright with yellow blooms. There is no sun nor were

stars visible. Yet all details can be clearly seen in the green and faintly orange lights that cast the purple shadows of the sphere of Yesod where rules the Lord of the Moon who is the King of this land of life, he who is the first-born of the etheric and Astral planes of consciousness.

You stand before two great pillars. Beyond these pillars only faintly to be seen is a temple and before it a throne - that of the Great Mother who sits thereon. You stand alone before the Pillars of the Whispered Wisdom for your guide the Bear Sidhe has vanished and you seek to pass between them but cannot. Then you see the sword of life that flames red as blood between the pillars of Life and Death. It whispers to you, "If you would pass while living, here is the Key of the door that is barred by me, for I am the Sword of Arael. Come again and bring the wisdom of the Serpent."

IV THE HOSTING OF THE SIDHE

The Bear Sidhe leads you back from the pillars to a spur of the heath lands, and you do not look back until she comes to a low mound, a fairy rath surrounded by silver-barked birch trees whose thick, gnarled and twisted trunks showed their age.

She hands you the branch with the silver blossoms, and orders you to touch the root and trunk of the largest birch which is in the center of the rath. As you do so, the tree vanishes and in its place is a temple-like portal across which is hung a heavy, dark green curtain through which she passes as you follow.

Now you are inside the rath in the transparent brown earth, a great mountain stretches below you and you start to climb its rough, rock-strewn slopes by going down deep into the rath. Swiftly, you climb ever going downwards in order to reach the top of the mountain upon which a brilliant city

of gold and green appears.

You seem to be in a land where everything is inverted, a world indeed solid as is that which is upon the surface of the earth, but you seem to see the inside as well as the outside and the inside was outside the boundaries of the outside.

The city has walls of a semi-transparent green and gold and it is made of stones that look like a piece of glass that has been a long time on the sea-shore and has been marked by the grinding action of the stones and shingle.

At the gate of the city are guards, each armed with a gold-headed spear and a round shield. They salute the silver-like branch and allow you and the bean sidhe to pass into a wide street which lead to a tree-bordered square on the far side of which is a portal leading into a great palace where a prince of the fairy people meet you.

"By what authority do you come?" he asks. The bean sidhe shows the silver-white branch of blossom, the symbol that in the ancient Celtic mysteries admits the would-be initiate into the land that lies between the Here and the Yonder, and between the past and the present, where the consciousness is able to transcend the ever passing present. Here you seem to hang between heaven and earth. This is the land of the Ever-Young, because having no present there is no past and no future. Time is not, for with the sidhe time is but a graduated scale for the measuring of joy. There is no sorrow, no suffering, only degrees of joy and degrees of beauty and degrees of wisdom; here, however, wisdom is not just being well-informed.

Yet they lack one thing - suffering, and the joy that suffering ultimately brings. They live in an unending perfection, and because they are perfect, they can only remain in that state of perfection in which the great World Mother has placed them, who are but children of but one of her many forms of evolution.

"Now that you will be shown Tir-na-mbeo (the land of the

ever Youthful) will you have me as your guide, or do you prefer to have this woman?" The fairy prince asks you.

There is something in the way they both look at you that makes you realize that much hangs upon this apparently simple and courteously put question. You read in both their eyes something almost like anxiety, to escape from unending perfection, and you feel an unspoken appeal from the woman beside you.

You ask that she might remain with you, and with a sigh, the fairy prince leaves you and the fairy woman leads you to a garden as immense as a park.

She sits beside you holding your right hand in her left then she passes her right hand over your eyes and tells you to watch the trees and flowers and to try to see how they manifest on the physical plane their real life which is in the fairy world of the moon-plane.

The scenery becomes just that of an ordinary earthly landscape in a rich cultured man's private park. The fairy woman grows dim to your sight, and you no longer see her form though you feel the energy pouring from her to you and you hear her anxious whisper "Concentrate or I am lost for you."

It is difficult to concentrate. Your sight has grown abnormal, nothing is clear, and the wide landscape is dissolving in a seeming chaos of color that loses itself in a mother-of-pearl tinted haze. Only one form holds - a beech tree, and in despair you compel yourself to see it as you know it ought to be. A brief struggle, and then the tree and the park comes once more into focus as a clear and beautiful actual garden.

"Now try to see the tree as a purposive intelligent entity," you are told, and you feel a hand placed on the nape of your neck.

As you watch, the green of the beech-leaves and the

...it Silver. color of the bole seems to merge in a form that is not
the tree, and yet it is like the tree. You are no longer seeing the
tree with your eyes - You are feeling it. You are once again in
your inner, subtler moon body and with it you see and feel
the moon body of the tree. Then appears the tree spirit, the
fairy, the Shining one who lives through the trunk and branches
and leaves of the beech tree as a person lives through torso
limbs and hair. The beech is very friendly and moon-body
moon-body you meet, and your moon body merges into
that of the lady of the beech tree. Then, the sensations
of the nature of the seasons, of the caress of the sunlight, of
the stimulation of the bright increase of the waxing moon
and of the Sleeptime that comes with the decrease of the
waning moon are yours.

"You can merge thus into all life," You are told, and
then you see, as the fairy sees, the flowers, the waterfalls, the
rivers, and the brightly colored holy mountain of Delly bawn
which means the home of the Shining ones. You merge yourself
into the roaring life that is at the summit of that great and
sacred mountain - and in so doing you take the initiation
of the lady of Nature - The Green Isis - in her temple on the
mather-clad hill-top that is above the deep ravine.

The fairy woman stands beside you on a small platform
that overhangs an immense gorge the bottom of which is almost
lost in mists that rise from a dark, still lake. She stretches
her arms as if to dive and whispers, "I dare you!" and is gone.

The next moment you are speeding on the wings of thought
downward, racing through Starlit actual space back to the
earthly plane that stretches out before you. You condense your
macrocosmic moon-body down, more and more into your micro-
cosmic earthbody until you are once more at one with the
physical. Your journey is over, but the experience remains
to enrich your life until the next time you approach the
Ford of the Moon.

cauldron ritual

Set up circle with the cauldron set in the center on a piece of black cloth. Place five candles around it at each of the five points of the pentagram, arranging them far enough away from the cauldron so that the water appears black. Have all members sit in a circle around the cauldron. Cast circle as usual and guide members into a magical state.

Priestess assumes goddess position and invokes:

CERRIDWEN!

WE INVOKE THEE, O GRACIOUS GODDESS, CLAD IN ROBES OF
DEEPEST INDIGO, THE COLOR OF THE EVENING SKY WHEN IT HAS
LOST THE SUN BUT NOT YET FOUND THE STARS

O LADY OF THE CAULDRON, MISTRESS OF THE EVENING OF LIFE,
COME FROM YOUR SHADOWY REALM, DESCEND UPON US
READ OUR DEEPEST THOUGHTS AND HIDDEN DESIRES
AND REVEAL THE ANSWERS TO US IN THE CAULDRON.
COME! GODDESS OF WISDOM, OF INSPIRATION.

LET US SEE IN THE CAULDRON THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE, THE
SECRETS OF DEATH, AND THE MAGIC OF REBIRTH.

COME, OH COME! BE THOU GRACIOUS UNTO US
REVEAL TO US THE SECRET WORKING OF OUR FATE,
WE, WHO SEEK TO KNOW.

Allow several minutes for the visions to begin to fade.
After members have reported their answers or just announced
their vision to be completed, Priestess again assumes goddess
position and says:

O GRACIOUS ONE, WE ARE GRATEFUL FOR YOUR PRESENCE AND
YOUR WISDOM. WE BID YOU NOW FAREWELL. RETURN TO YOUR
WATERY REALM, BUT COME AGAIN WE PRAY WHEN NEXT WE
SEEK TO KNOW THE SECRETS OF THE CAULDRON. BLESSED BE.
Close circle.

castle of the west

Cast circle as usual. Assume trance state with a suggestion for the members to come a little ways out of their bodies, a little farther each time until the journey begins. Navigator brings everyone out of their bodies and says:

YOU NOW JOURNEY WESTWARD TO THE SEASHORE, AND WALK OUT ONTO A RICKETY WOODEN PIER WHOSE BOARDS CREAK BENEATH YOUR FEET. IT IS DARK AND VERY, VERY FOGGY. YOU CAN ONLY HEAR THE WAVES CRASH ONTO THE PIER. YOU WALK OUT PAST THE BREAKERS, FEELING ONLY THE HEAVE OF THE WAVE PRESSING AGAINST THE WOODEN PILLARS.

AT THE END OF THE PIER, A SMALL BOAT IS WAITING. AN OLD MAN DRESSED IN A COWL, TATTERED WITH AGE IS SITTING IN THE BOAT. HE LOOKS UP AT YOU. HIS BLUE EYES ARE SAD, HIS FACE IS MARKED BY SUFFERING AND HIS DARK BEARD IS STREAKED WITH GREY. WORDLESSLY, HE MOTIONS YOU INTO THE BOAT. YOU GET IN, AND HE ROWS OFF INTO THE FOG.

THE MIST COMPLETELY SURROUNDS YOU, DAMPENING YOUR HAIR AND CLOTHING, AS THE OLD MAN ROWS. THE FOG GETS THICKER AND THICKER AND THE SWELLS GROW CLOSER AND CLOSER UNTIL YOU FINALLY REALIZE THAT INSTEAD OF ON TOP OF THE WATER, YOU ARE TRAVELLING BENEATH IT.

DOWN, DOWN, DOWN YOU GO INTO THE BLUE WATER, UNTIL YOU SEE A CASTLE EMERGE FROM THE ROCKS AND GRASS OF THE OCEAN FLOOR. THE HIGH TURRETS ARE MADE OF CORAL, SEAWEED CREEPS UP THE WALLS LIKE IVY AND FISH SWIM UNCONCERNED THROUGH THE TOWERS.

THE BOAT PULLS UP ALONGSIDE THE OPEN DRAW BRIDGE AND YOU CAREFULLY CLIMB OUT. YOU TURN TO THANK THE OLD MAN, BUT HE IS GONE. SO YOU WALK THROUGH THE GATE INTO THE CASTLE. THE UNDINES GREET YOU, GRACEFUL BEINGS WITH FINS INSTEAD OF LIMBS AND BRIGHTLY COLORED GILLS ALONGSIDE THEIR FAIR

THEY LEAD YOU INTO A GREAT HALL RICHLY ADORNED WITH
TAPESTRIES AND BRILLIANTLY LIT WITH TORCHES. AT THE FAR END
IS A THRONE CARVED OF CORAL AND MOTHER-OF-PEARL. ON THE
THRONE SITS NODENS, THE GOD OF REST, SLEEP, ACHIEVEMENT,
FRUITFULNESS OF LABOR AND SPIRITUAL GROWTH. HE IS NOBLE, EVER
FIGHTING AGAINST EVIL. HE IS ALSO GOD OF THE SEA. SEE HIM
AS A MATURE MAN, WITH GOLDEN LIGHT PLAYING FROM HIM, AND
A DOLPHIN AT HIS FEET. HE IS THE KING OF ALL TRUE WISDOM.
HE BIDS YOU WELCOME, RISES TO HIS FEET, AND WALKS TO-
WARDS YOU. YOU SEE THAT HE LIMPS. AS HE DRAWS CLOSER YOU
RECOGNIZE THE SAD BLUE EYES AND SORROWFUL FACE OF THE MAN IN
THE BOAT.

HE WAVES HIS HAND, AND A SQUIRE STEPS OVER THE THRESHOLD,
CARRYING A SPEAR WITH A DROP OF BLOOD AT ITS TIP. FROM THE END
OF THE HALL APPEAR TWO YOUNG MAIDENS CLAD IN THE PUREST WHITE,
EACH HOLDING A GOLDEN CANDLESTICK BEARING A WHITE CANDLE. THEN
APPEARS QUEEN CERIDWEN, CLAD IN THE ROBES OF DEEPEST BLUE AND
SHINING SILVER CARRYING THE GRAIL FROM WHICH FLOWS MILK AND
HONEY, FOOD OF MORTALS AND THE FOOD OF THE GODS. TOGETHER THEY
BID YOU COME AND DRINK OF THE WATERS OF LIFE.

PRIEST AND PRIESTESS RISE. PRIESTESS TAKES UP THE SILVER BOWL
OF AQUA VITA (OR MEAD WINE), AND PRIEST TAKES UP THE SPEAR. HE
DIPS THE POINT INTO THE BOWL AND CONSECRALES THE WINE. THEY
BID ALL MEMBERS RISE TO THEIR FEET, AND TOGETHER THEY GO AROUND
THE CIRCLE TO EACH IN TURN AND HAND EACH MEMBER THE BOWL.
PRIESTESS GIVES THE BOWL TO EACH MEMBER AND SAYS:

DRINK DEEPLY OF THE WATERS OF LIFE.

PRIEST SAYS:

RECEIVE THE WISDOM OF THE GRAIL.

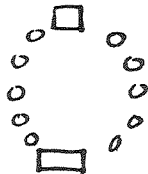
When everyone has drunk from the cup, members resume their seats. Narrator resumes:

YOU THANK THEM AND BID THEM FAREWELL. THE UNDINES
LEAD YOU OUT THROUGH THE OPEN DRAWBRIDGE WHERE THE OLD
MAN IN THE BOAT AWAITS YOU. UP AND UP YOU GO, BACK THROUGH
THE BLUE WATER INTO THE MIST ABOVE. THE PIER LOOMS BEFORE YOU
IN THE FOG. YOU DISEMBARK AND TURN TO WATCH THE BOAT DISAPPEAR
INTO THE FOG. BACK YOU COME, EASTWARD, BACK YOU COME TO THE
CURCLE WITH THE TASTE OF THE HONEY AND THE MILK STILL ON
YOUR TONGUE.

Bring everyone out of the magical trance, making sure
everyone is back before breaking the circle.

Castle of the north

Group is arranged in an oval or rectangular shape. Have altar set up in the south facing inward. In the north, have a chair draped in black cloth and have on it an athame, a skull, a crystal and a lighted candle. In front of the chair have a pillow, a censor and a box of incense. Members arrange themselves between the altar and chair as follows:



The conductor sits in front of the altar. The Priest or Priestess stands behind it.

Conductor induces trance state and brings everyone out of their bodies. As soon as everyone is ready, Conductor begins the journey.

THE COLD WINDS OF THE NORTH WHIP THROUGH YOUR CLOTHES AS YOU TRAVEL DOWN A PATH OF EVERGREENS HEAVILY LADEN WITH SNOW. DOGS BAY IN THE DISTANCE AND YOU CAN HEAR THE SOUNDS OF ARMS AND ARMOR CLASHING AND SCREAMS OF MEN DYING BUT YOU CANNOT TELL WHERE THEY COME FROM. CLOUDS COVER THE MOON AND YOU CAN BARELY SEE.

AHEAD IS A RIVER OF DARK WATER FLOWING SLOWLY. YOU REACH A CRUMBLING STONE BRIDGE WITH TWO POSTS ON EITHER SIDE EACH WITH HORSE'S SKULLS IMPALED ON THEM. THE RIVER GIVES OFF A MUSTY, SLIGHTLY SALTY ODOR AS YOU CROSS. YOU FOLLOW A ROCKY PATH UP A STEEP HILL TO THE TOP WHERE YOU FIND A MASSIVE STONE CASTLE. ROUGHLY FASHIONED AND HEAVILY FORTIFIED. TWO MEN AT ARMS STAND AT THE ENTRANCE, LOOKING LIKE THEY ARE CARVED OUT OF THE SAME GRANITE AS THE CASTLE.

They stop and challenge you. You tell who you are and they stand aside letting the massive doors ornamented by skulls swing open. You proceed down the dark, dank and musty hall as you hear the wind wail and rattle the stones outside. The whine of the wind sounds almost human-like souls in torment-as you proceed. Then the passageway opens into a lofty, massive hall.

Priestess rises and faces the northern quarter and raises her arms.

WE BESEECH THEE, MORRIGAN! QUEEN OF THE NORTH WIND,
O WARRIOR WOMAN, THOU LADY OF DEATH WHOSE KNIFE IS RED
WITH BLOOD, THOU CARRION CROW WHO HAUNTS THE BATTLEFIELD
LIKE A DARK SPECTRE, WHO GIVES REST TO THE DYING AND
COMFORTS THE DEAD.

O THOU MISTRESS OF FATE WHO SPINS THE THREAD OF OUR
DESTINY, AND WHO GATHERS US UP WHEN OUR THREAD IS CUT.

O QUEEN OF SORCERY, OF MAGIC AND DREAMS WHO HOLDS
THE KEY TO THE DARK MYSTERIES, MYSTERIES WHOSE PRICE FOR
KNOWLEDGE IS DEATH.

O THOU ARTHUR'S DARK SISTER WHO DID FERRY HIM AWAY
TO THE ENCHANTED ISLE TO REST AND BE REBORN.

COME THOU INTO OUR PRESENCE, THAT WE MAY LEARN
OF THY DREAR MYSTERIES, AND HARM US NOT, FOR WE
APPROACH THEE IN TRUE HUMILITY AND REVERENCE.

When invocation is completed, each member in turn rises
and goes to the chair, kneels, offers a scoop of incense and
meditates for a moment. When everyone is finished, all are
purified again.

Priestess again raises her arms in benediction.

WE NOW BID THEE FAREWELL, DARK QUEEN AS WE
DEPART FROM THY PRESENCE. MAY PEACE AND LOVE
EVER REMAIN BETWEEN US AND THEE.

Priestess or conductor leads the return journey from
the hall, retracing the steps back to the circle. Circle is
broken in the usual way, making sure to sprinkle all
quarters with purifying water to banish unseen entities
that may have been attracted to the rite.

OF THE NORTH WIND. O, ATHENA!
WARRIOR WOMAN, THOU LADY OF DEATH
WHOSE KNIFE IS RED WITH BLOOD, THOU
CARRION CROW WHO HAUNTS THE BATTERED
LIKE A DARK SPECTRE, GIVING REST TO
THE DYING AND COMFORT TO THE
DEAD

O THOU MISTRESS OF FATE WHO SPINS
THE THREAD OF OUR DESTINIES, AND WHO
GATHERS US UP WHEN OUR THREAD IS
CUT.

O QUEEN OF SORCERY, OF MAGIC AND
DREAMS WHO HOLDS THE KEY TO THE
DARK MYSTERIES, MYSTERIES WHOSE PRICE
FOR KNOWLEDGE IS DEATH.

HAIL GORGON! HAIL MORMO! WITH THE
BAYING OF HOUNDS AND THE CRYING OF
JACKALS!

COME THOU INTO OUR PRESENCE, THAT WE
MAY LEARN OF THY DEAD MYSTERIES, AND
HARM US NOT, FOR WE APPROACH THEE IN TRUE
HUMILITY, AND REVERENCE.

casting the castle

Set up circle as usual. Have a candle at the eastern quarter, salt or chalk at the southern quarter, a bowl of water at the western quarter and a censer at the northern quarter.

Begin at the east. The member at the eastern quarter raises his/her arms and invokes:

IN THE NAMES OF LUCET AND BRIGIT, LET THE FIRE OF THE TORCHES OF CAER SIDI BE LIT TO ILLUMINE OUR WAY

Member takes the candle and goes around the circle once with it. Other members should visualize torches burning at every quarter driving back the darkness. Next member at the Southern quarter invokes:

IN THE NAMES OF CAERUOS AND NIAMH, LET THE GRANITE WALLS OF CAER SIDI BE RAISED STRONG AND HIGH.

Member takes the salt or chalk and sprinkles it around the circle once. Members should visualize walls of granite blocks reaching as high as can be seen but still open to the sky.

Next member at the Western quarter invokes:

IN THE NAMES OF NODE AND CERRIDWEN, LET THE MOAT FLOW AROUND CAER SIDI TO PROTECT AND INSPIRE US.

Member takes the bowl of water and sprinkles it

round the circle once. Members should visualize the temple surrounded by an enormous lake, stretching as far as the eye can see.

Next member stands at the northern quarter and invokes:

IN THE NAMES OF TAUTES AND THE MORRIGAN,
LET THE PORTALS OF AIR BE OPENED TO CAER SIDI SO
THAT THE HIGH GODS MAY JOIN US IN OUR RITES.

Member lights the incense and marks each quarter all the way around with the sign of the pentagram. Other members should visualize star-shaped openings in the granite walls with iron gates that can be opened or closed.

Open circle as usual. When invoking the God and Goddess at each quarter, raise arms slowly as you invoke until they are over your head. This opens the drawbridge of the castle to admit the dieties.

When dismissing dieties, slowly lower arms from a raised position as you dismiss. This closes the portal of the castle.

Quarter contacts

A man and a woman are stationed at each quarter. Cast circle as usual. Begin at the Eastern quarter. The woman as operator begins to invoke Lucet into the man as receiver.

When invoking, the operator should speak in a low and sing-song tone, reciting all the attributes of the deity and calling the name often. Keep talking. Hesitations or lulls can be a distraction. It may help for the operator to stroke the receiver gently and smoothly unless it is indicated that such contact is distracting.

The receiver should empty his mind of all other things and concentrate on either visualizing the God standing before him or the God entering into him. When the presence is strong, his partner will either ask for an oracle, or allow the other members to ask question. At the appropriate time, or when the vision or contact begins to fade, the operator thanks the deity and bids him farewell.

Then the man and woman change places and the man invokes the Goddess Brigit into the woman. Go around the circle, each couple invoking first the God, then the Goddess until all deities are invoked and heard.

Close circle as usual. Be sure to thank all deities.

Queen of the south

Cast circle as usual. Conductor induces a magical state as usual. When everyone is ready, the conductor says:

FROM THE SOUTHERN QUARTER COMES THE GODDESS NIAMH, WITH HER HAIR OF GOLD AND HER GOWN OF GREEN. SHE RIDES A WHITE UNICORN WITHOUT SADDLE OR BRIDLE. SHE SMILES AND REACHES OUT HER HAND, TAKING YOU UP BEHIND HER ON THE UNICORN'S BACK. WAY YOU RIDE ACROSS AN ENDLESS OCEAN UNTIL YOU SEE BELOW YOU A BEAUTIFUL ISLAND OF EMERALD GREEN AND BRIGHT FLOWERS. YOU DESCEND, AND AS YOU DISMOUNT, YOU ARE ENTHUSIASTICALLY GREETED BY A CROWD OF BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE, ALL YOUNG AND RICHLY DRESSED. THEY REFRESH YOU WITH FRUIT AND WINE AND ENTERTAIN YOU WITH SONGS, STORIES OF GREAT WONDER AND GRACEFUL DANCE AS THE SUN NEVER SETS ON ETERNAL DAY.

BUT SOON NIAMH, HER FACE STERN, BECKONS YOU SILENTLY AND PULLS YOU AWAY FROM THE JOYOUS THRONG. IT IS TIME TO RETURN TO THE WORLD. RELUCTANTLY, YOU CLIMB UP BEHIND HER AND, GRASPING HER WAIST TO KEEP FROM FALLING, SHE TAKES YOU BACK OVER THE ENDLESS SEA. YOU DISMOUNT AT THE CIRCLE AND BID HER FAREWELL. THE WAVES AT YOU AS SHE DISAPPEARS INTO THE SOUTH.

Conductor leads everyone out of trance state slowly.
Cast circle as usual.

M A I D E N

Maiden

All the animals, plants and mountains of the world are her playmates, her toys and her friends. She is immersed in learning about each and every one of them. She is theirs because they are hers. She wants to know each of them and each facet of each one's life. Not just to know it, but to experience it herself. Forever learning to things, friends, playmates, toys, games and lessons. Finding something new to learn is exciting and thrilling. Having someone or something new to learn it with or from is a joy. Learning it is fascinating and elating, but the most exciting thrill of them all is: "I can learn it RIGHT".

Mother

I love all the little babies...the baby kittens, the baby rabbits, darting squirrels, tiny birds peeping, cheeping away, calling for more food, the buds of flowers, even the tiny new shoots pushing up so cautious yet courageously, up through the rich, warm, sweet-scented Earth...yes, I love it, too. And they, they all surround me and caress me with their love...they envelop me with joy and peace and love. I do not understand why anyone could be afraid of any of my animals. Why would anyone say, 'Be careful of that Panther, he has long claws and sharp teeth.' Why should he hurt me, I have never hurt him...I love him and he loves me. We like each other, and he helps me take care of the little ones.

M A I D E N (cont'd)

Mother

I have a nice body. It is pretty and I like it. I like the way my skin feels so smooth and soft. My hair is long and it curls gently down on my shoulders. I love the touch of it, and the touch of the wind caressing my hair. I like the way my hair catches the light and turns it red-gold. This morning I noticed my breasts are growing and becoming rounded! Soon will I be like the animals and able to feed the babies? My hips are filling out...my whole shape has become pretty soft curves...And, I like what I look like.

Crone

Someone else has noticed my body...a Man! He thinks that I am attractive...me. (Am I ... sexy?) Can my body really have an effect on another being?.....But, that's marvelous, truly neat.

He followed me today. At first, I pretended that I did not even know that he was there. Then, I glanced back at him...I looked surprized, I blinked my eyes and hurried on, but not too fast. He still followed me, but he looked a little worried. Could he be thinking that I might not like him?...Does it really matter to him?

I gave him a smile when I stopped this time...I glanced back over my shoulder at his worried look and tried to give him a little, sweet smile. I hope he can see I like him. I continue on now...Yes, he is following again...and this time he doesn't look quite so sad.I do wish that he would hurry up and catch me.....

I like the way my body feels when someone WANTS me! I wonder...could there be others?.....*Could there be more than Waiting? Touching, perhaps? Oh what a quiver*
my Heart is when I feel that ^{actually} touch.

I want More!

You are the eternal Hope,
the eternal Beauty,
the Eternal Spring...

And, You are that Eternal Dispair
that leads Man to believe that
the Promise of your return
will never be granted again.

You taunt us, you tease us with the green buds of Dispair,
with sweet scents wafting on your warm breezes of Hope.

Selene, Maiden, Spring...

Without your Beauty, we cannot Dispair.

Without Dispair, we cannot Hope.

Without Hope, we have not You.

T H E M A I D E N

Out of the dirty melting slush that once was the clean,
clear, cold crystalline white of snow, you come,
pushing your tiny green beginnings of Spring.

Mankind sees these beginnings and responds
to the beauty that youth and hope can bring.

But, it does not come -- The muck and the slush
hang on and on, until, the bright new hope seems turned
to water, to mire, to slime and mud.

Mud. Eternal mud seems to fill the world...
It oozes over every crevice and every knoll, and
while it moves it covers and buries and suffocates
that yearning response of Hope.

Hope - Buried. Buried under so much slime
that he who begat that Hope, that glowing response,
doesn't even remember what he lost --
He only remembers the pain of its going.

And then, when Man has given up any hope
of courting and wooing you -- of even getting
you to glance his direction --

Then, and only then, when the world is despairing of
eternal slime ...

Man looks out one bright clean morning: there is less
glare.

The breeze has a feathery gentleness -- soft and sweet,
warm and caressing.

And there, amid all the slush and garbage, you have
pushed up the beautiful and tender fulfillment of your
promise --

The purple Iris nods its lovely head at Man,
She knows how long he's waited.

THOUGHTS ON THE MAIDEN

Innocence.

innocent: 1. Not tainted with sin, evil or moral wrong; pure. 2. Free from blame or guilt. 3. Not tending to harm or injure. 4. Not maliciously intended: an innocent lie. 5. Lacking in worldly knowledge; naive. 6. Devoid of; entirely lacking in.
-n. 1. One who is free from evil or sin. 2. A simple or unsuspecting person.

innocuous: -adj. Having no harmful qualities or effects; harmless.

energetic eagerness; wanting to help the world and believing that she can fix the mess which the grown-ups have made of the world.

starry-eyed

curious; needing to know all about all things.

Communing with nature. Wanting to know every leaf of every plant; every feather of every bird; every drop of rain and ocean....ad infinitum.

She has not the knowledge of pain. She does not really realize how very hurtful her flirtations and teasings can be. And, she does not know that she is vulnerable, that she can, and will, be hurt...perhaps by those very teasings and flirtations.

She flies off-the-handle for "causes", not stopping to check and see (if) her assumptions are fact, or merely that---assumptions.

She may have the quality of innocence, but she is NOT innocuous. Though not maliciously intended, deceits are painful to all those that surround it.

ELEMENTAL FACETS OF THE MAIDEN

Princess of Water

Little Lady Bountiful - She wants to bestow oceans of love on all things and all people -- not realizing that some may be deserving and others not. Not really seeing the faults of men, and not knowing that these gifts and talents of hers which she so richly and bountifully bestows can, and will, be twisted by some of those humans. Twisted and used to hurt the very ones for which her gifts were intended, as well as herself.

She loves the world -- it is truly glorious. She loves all things. Everyone and everything is beautiful. "There is good in Everyone. If you do not bring it out, it is your fault -- not theirs." She floats on this beautiful, flowing dream-cloud of naivety.

Princess of Earth

She is a seeker of knowledge and 'spiritual enlightenment'. But, as most innocents, she invariably will choose the path through the maze: the one that is the longest, has the most dead ends, and leads through the forest of thorns. She emerges, but bleeding.

Princess of Fire

She is the Zealot of Life eagerly searching to explore and experience every facet of living that life. The whole world is new, exciting and Hers to revel in. She plays with Fire. She does not see that Her very thrilling and exciting Fire will one day burn. She does not see that as she plays, she and the Fire burn those trusting lovers around them.

Princess of Air

Eagerly protecting the underdog in a fight, she will jump in the middle between him and Might. Often more than not, she later finds that this time Might was Right and She was fighting against herself. She finds that many underdogs tend to be weak of mind and soul, and Right does make Might.



Herewith is the basic structure of the Craft

In the beginning there was only Night, and She was alone. Being was absolute, movement was there none. Being force without form, She desired form, and since She desired, that form was created .. Woman. Being Woman, She desired union, and created Man from Her North side. Having created Man, She discovered love, and so all things began. Here was the first of all sins, Desire. From desire sprang all movement, all Life, all Time, all Death, joy and sorrow alike.

From the Gods came seven children, who created seven worlds to rule over, and they formed a halo about the Great Gods as seven stars. They also created Earth, Air, Fire and Water, and gave these lands to four of the seven Gods. These Gods each live in a separate land bounded by the great Gulf of Annwn, which is the land of Chaos, and unredeemed souls.

The lands of the Gods are then: A Castle surrounded by Fire that lies upon the East, ruled over by LUCET (The divine Child). The Supreme Goddess comes from here.

A Castle under the depths of the Sea, laying towards the West, ruled over by NODE.

A Castle in the Clouds laying towards the North, ruled over by TETTENS.

A Castle builded upon the Earth and surrounded by trees, laying towards the South, ruled over by CARENOS.

To each of these rulers was given a wife, that sprang also from the love of the Gods. Each of these lands had power over human endeavour.

LUCET is the King of Light, Fire, Love and Intellect, of Birth and Joy....The Child. He is visualized as a bright golden light moving quickly, with wings. Thieving and mischievous. (From another description -- Sometimes he comes as a tall golden man, moving rapidly. Other-times the wings of Fire surround him, but few can face that vision without aid from an even Higher Source. At times he is winged at the feet; at others upon the head, behind the glorious hair.)

For Thy Kingdom is past not away
Nor Thy Power from the place hurled.
Out of Heaven they shall not cast the day
They shall not cast out song from the world.
By the song and the light they give
We know Thy works that they live
With the gift Thou hast given us of speech
We praise, we adore, we beseech
We arise at Thy bidding and follow
We cry to Thee, answer, appear
Oh Father of us all Paian Appollo
Destroyer and Healer hear!

In the North lies the Castle of Weeping, the ruler thereof is named TETTENS, our Hermes or Woden. He is the second twin, the waning sun, Lord over mysticism, magic, power and death, the Baleful destroyer. The God of War, of Justice, King of Kings, since all pay their homage to Him. Ruler of the Winds, the Windyat. Cain imprisoned in the Moon, ever desiring Earth. He is visualized as a tall dark man, shadowy, cold and deadly. Unpredictable, yet capable of great nobility, since he represents Truth. He is the God of magicians and witches, who knows all sorcery. (From another description -- Lord of the North, dark, unpredictable, the true God of all witches and magicians if they are working at any decent level at all.

A cold wind surrounds Him, age and time so ancient that it is beyond belief flows from Him. Dark is His shadow, and he bears a branch of the sorrowing alder, and walks with the aid of a blackthorn stick. Sorrow is printed upon His face, yet also joy. He guards, as a rider upon an eight-legged horse, the approaches to the Castle of Night. He is also the Champion of the glass bridge after the Silver Forest. Cold is the air as He passes by. Some say tall and dark, I say small and dark, speaking in a faint voice which is as clear as ice.)

(LUCET and TETTENS are the Twins, the Children of Night and the Serpent, brothers and some say one and the same person. Fire and Air, growth and decay. One looks forward, the other backward. One creates, the other destroys, Castor and Pollox.)

In the South lies the Castle of Life. The ruler is named CARENOS, He is the Lord of animals, of joy and of passion. Ruler of the woodlands, a wild hunter, yet the God of happiness, fruition, fertility, equivalent to the young Dionysus. Shown as a horned figure, with curling rams horns. He is the God of the fertility cultus, and everything about Him is connected with life, growth and strength.

In the West lies perhaps the most complex, and the greatest figure of them all. The God of Paradise, NODE. He is the God of Rest, Sleep, Achievement, fruition of labour, spiritual growth. He is also noble, ever fighting against evil, and is equivalent to King Arthur. He is also the God of the Sea. He should be seen as a mature man, with golden light playing from Him, and a lion at His feet. Eyes that are wise and sad. He is the King of all true wisdom.

These four Kings are the reversed pentacle, thus  and the fifth ray is turned into six points, or three and three, which in part represents Old Tubal Cain, or the All Father Himself. Hearne.

Above the Head of the Moon, as shewn in the diagram lies five (seven) other stars, known as the Goddesses, that is they are to be seen in the plough or Haywain. They fall into this sequence: Life, Love, Maternity, Wisdom, and Death. Since I maintain that knowledge is understood more fully if one has to work for it, I leave you to fit your own interpretation upon the five (seven) Stars, and how they fit as Queens within the Castles. By looking at the diagrams of both the Moat and the Mill, it is possible to see how they become Queens, and also why in ancient mythology, why the Queen was always considered to play a harlot, or fallen woman. In other words, by the juxtaposition of King and Queens, it is possible to work out a magical formula concerned with (a) aspects within the Mask, as one would use a Qabbalistic tree, and (b) an insight into the control of the four basic elements.

It was considered in the past that Man could help the Gods, as the Gods helped Man. In fact, you will find that in many fairy stories, they deal with this matter allegorically. It is from these and many similar stories, i.e. Sir Gawain and the Hollen Bush; Tristram and Isolde; Lancelot and Geneveve, and others that a pattern of magical myth and legend may be woven, often with surprising results and effects. To effect a magical ritual of this nature, one enacts it with various implements and tools that have the same symbolic meaning as the Gods involved.

It was from these unions between Gods and man, that the art of magic began. To those who have eyes, ears and a heart that is pure, These deepest secrets are written

upon the clouds, in the bark of trees, in the movement of water, and in the heart of fire. The genuine mysteries are open to all to see and rediscover. There is no secrecy surrounding them. There is a great river flowing and twining round all creation. Rushing out of Annwn, binding the seven kingdoms together, and returning to Annwn in a great waterfall, under which all must pass eventually. The name of that river is Time; and the place of Darkness to which it returns is not only Hell, but Heaven also. It is time and time alone that binds us to blindness, and it is love and love alone that will let us see the golden heart of the mysteries.

$$1734 + 1 = 1734$$

$$2 = 867$$

$$3 = 578$$

$$6 = 289$$

$$17 = 102$$

$$34 = 51$$

$$51 = 34$$

$$102 = 17$$

$$289 = 6$$

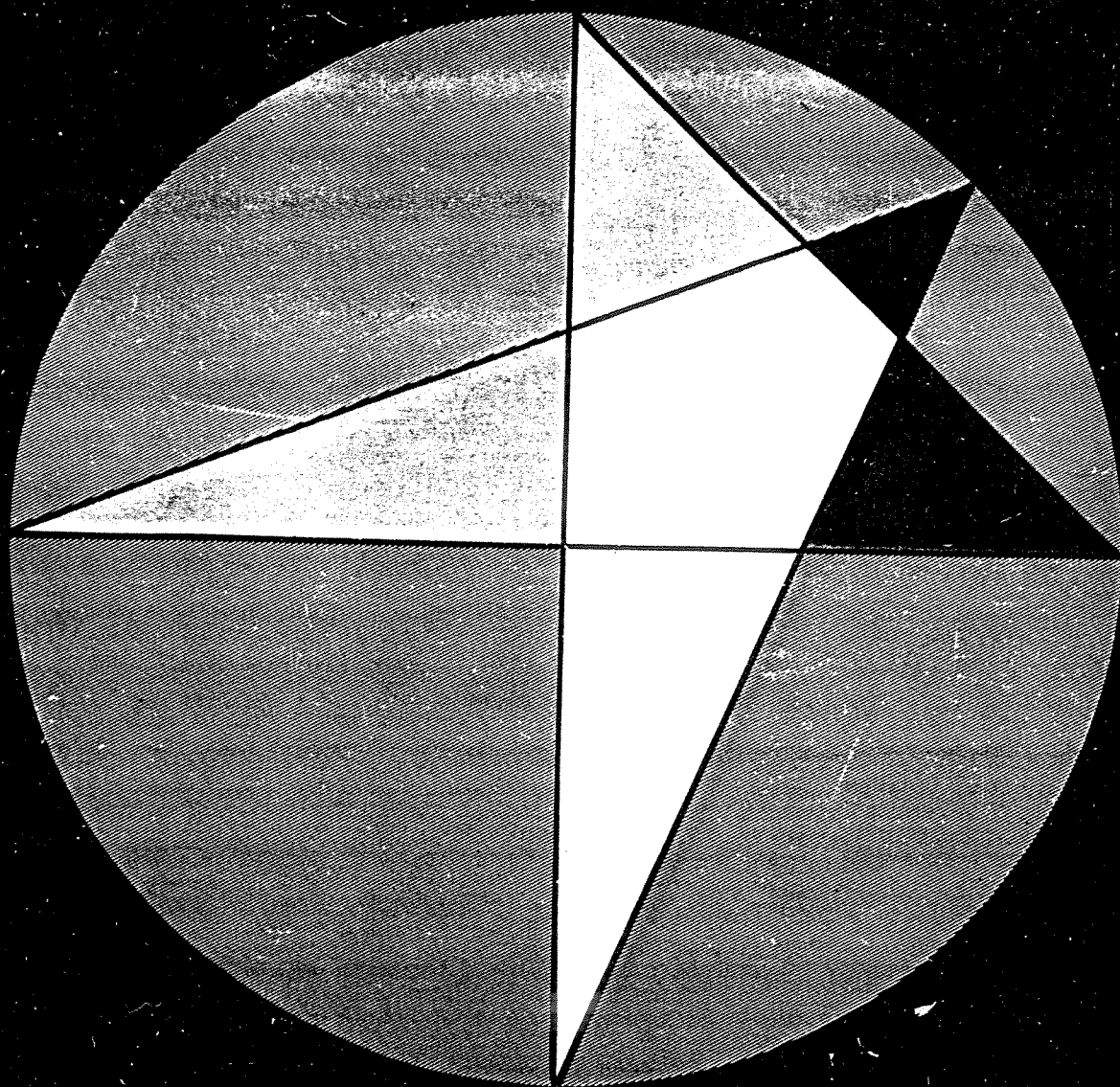
$$578 = 3$$

$$867 = 2$$

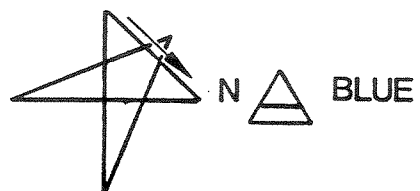
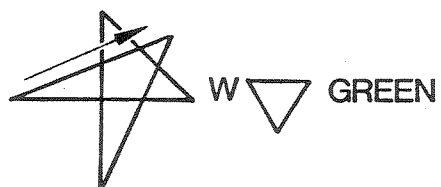
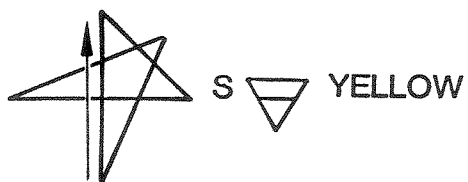
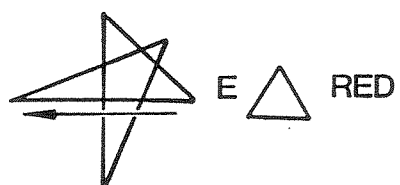
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$$1734 = 1 \times 2 \times 3 \times 17 \times 17$$

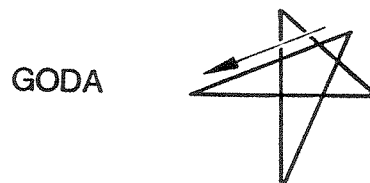
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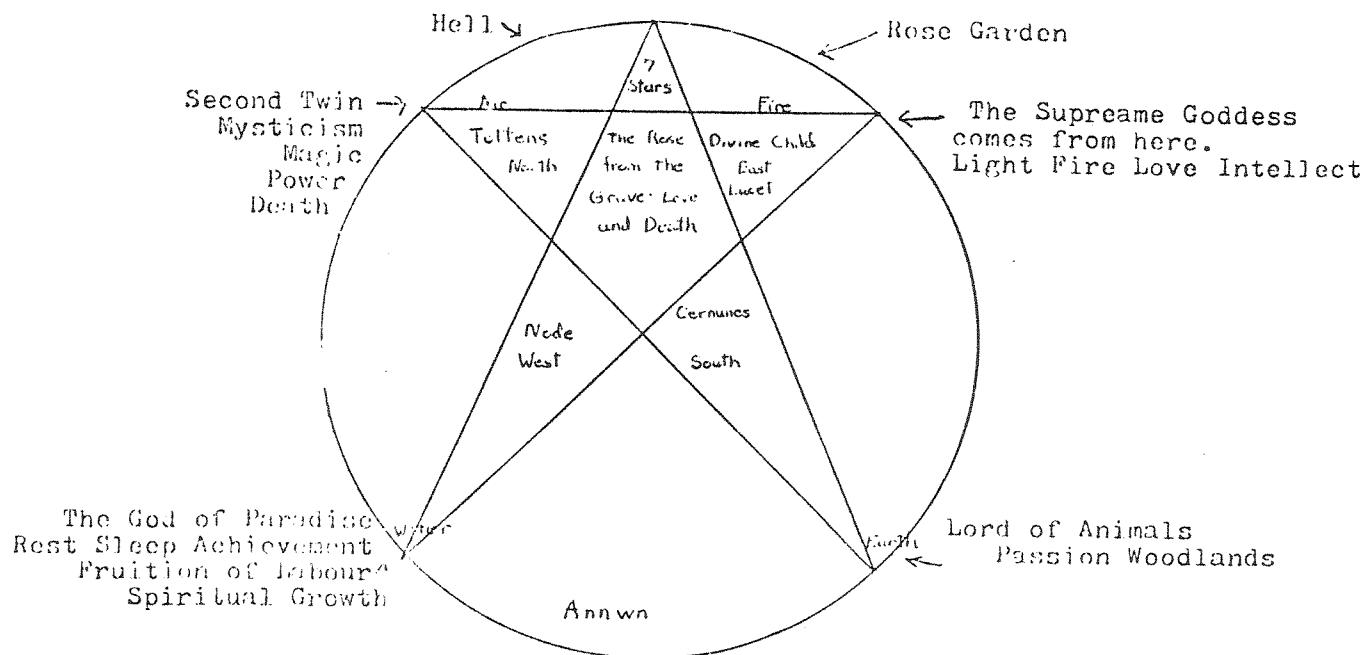


The Wheel of Life

Use in Rituals of Death and Ressurrection.

Stand on Horn of aspect invoked, enclose with ash chalk salt

Each of these lands has power over human endeavor.



Above the head of the moon lies 7 stars.

The Goddess is to be seen in the Plough or Haywain.

Fall into this sequence: Life/Love/Maternity/Wisdom/Death.

Light fire in center creating the Rose of Passion or Unity.

MADE OF 4 METAL POLISHED
CIRCLES. LEANING SLIGHTLY
TO THE NORTH EAST. MAY
ALSO BE A DISK, PENTER
OR SILVER

RED, WHITE, BLUE AND
BLACK FLAX YARN.

SUPREME GODDESS
COMES FROM HERE

THORN

ASH

SALT SURROUNDING
INNER PERIMETER

ASH FROM NEAD FIRE
SURROUNDING PEREMET

SNOKE AREA WITH
INCENSE BEFORE BEGINING

LYON

SPRINKAL WATER
THROWN FROM BROOM